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A TRIPLE ACROSTIC,

WRITTEN IN HONOR OF

OLE BULL,

The great Norwegian Violinist, by Arthur Mathison.

To thee, O, mighty, marv'lous Norseman ! whose proud cipher, V,
 On thy ancestral scutcheon O, heart Victor, shines ; do I,
 O, minstrel, weird, enchanting, Raise my song. The Muse I woO,
 Loud thy high praise to utter. Worthy the theme my verse doth fill.
 Earth numbers thee 'mid her Elect, Apollo's first alumnI !
 Broad, pure, and sympathetic, Grandly thy magic bow is drawN,
 Uplifting, darting, sparkling,—Imp-like and thrilling, until I,
 Like all, am dazZled, and then Awed, by that sad "Prayer," to tearS!
 Long may'st thou live, great Norway's son, O, wondrous violinisT!

(From La France Musicale.)

THEATRE DES FANTAISIES PARISIENNES.

The Fantaisies Parisiennes seems now destined to reap the fruit of the ordeals it has gone through. From the moment this little lyrical establishment was opened we predicted that it would prove successful, though only on the express condition of not following the example set by all *genre* theatres, and of offering a last refuge for musical art and for French composers.

The management had its moments of hesitation and struggles, but the Fantaisies has entered on the right path, and success will now surely recompense the praiseworthy efforts they made to attain it.

After having been closed a fortnight or so, the theatre has been reopened, and the public summoned to applaud the new entertainments announced in the bills. It seemed as though some kind fairy had changed the whole aspect of the house by a touch of her wand. Where there was formerly only a long row of seats without any gallery, ranged against a long wall hung with crimson paper, there is now a first story with a double tier of galleries, stage-boxes, and convenient corridors, the whole forming a regular little theatre, admirably arranged and fitted up. It would appear, moreover, that the manager has had the excellent idea of making a notable diminution in the prices of admission, so as to attract all those classes, and all those numerous families, who are precluded by the higher prices from ever entering a theatre.

These are two decided and salutary ameliorations for which we can but praise M. Martinet. We have now to give an account of the works played on Monday, the 3d instant, for the first time. The opening piece was the *Farfadet* of M. Adolphe Adam, but the great attraction of the evening was *La Croisade des Dames*, and a posthumous opera by that Franz Schubert, whom we in France call the author of the "*Forty-Melodies*," though he wrote more than five hundred, but as all we know of his is an album bearing the said number, forty, we are somewhat excusable.

Besides several grand symphonic compositions of high merit, including six masses, of which two, those in F and G, are very celebrated; a grand eight-part hymn for male voices; two *Stabats*; eight symphonies; choral works and chamber-music; Franz Schubert wrote a large number of operas, (*fifteen*, M. Felix Clément says, in his excellent work, *Les Musiciens Célèbres*.)

He produced only one, *La Harpe enchantée*, (August 21st, 1820.) *Rosemonde*, brought out on the 20th December, 1823, was, properly speaking, nothing more than a melo-

drama, as was also *Fier-à-Bras*, a heroic romantic opera, considered Schubert's dramatic masterpiece, though it has never been put upon the stage.

La Croisade des Dames, played at Frankfurt, in September, 1861, under the name of *Les Conjurés, ou la Guerre Domestique*, is, in every respect, a remarkable piece. M. Wilder, an erudite musician, in addition to being an intelligent librettist, has written a fresh libretto to Schubert's score. This was an arduous task, to be undertaken by a man possessing great natural talent. M. Wilder has performed it with much tact, skill and judgment. The following is an outline of the story that serves as a basis for Schubert's music.

We are in the time of the Crusades, and the action passes in a feudal castle. At the rising of the curtain, the ladies are alone in the place, for their husbands have left two years previous to go and wage war in the Holy Land. Their approaching return is announced, but, as it would appear that this return is to be followed by a fresh absence, the wives, indignant at their husbands' love for stabbing and slashing so far off, rise in open revolt, and swear they will not grant a single caress, or any other mark of their favor, till their lords have renounced the notion of again setting out on their travels. The Squire, Hector, who has preceded his lord, the master of the castle, has been a witness of the conspiracy. He determines on frustrating it, and soon finds an auxiliary in Suzanne, his betrothed. The reader will guess the rest. The women acknowledge that they are conquered, and, to prove their submission, don the coat of mail and gird on the sword, because they believe that by so doing they shall best meet the wishes of their husbands. This termination, which is a very happy idea, affords an opportunity for exhibiting some pretty mediæval Amazonian costumes and some evolutions performed by warriors in petticoats, displays generally popular with the occupants of the stage-boxes.

Schubert's score is very fine, especially as regards the choruses. The concerted pieces are numerous, and always admirably written. They sometimes contain six and eight *parties réelles*. The music is full and sonorous, and we recognize in it the skilful pen of the master who presented the *Liedertafeln* of Vienna with the finest choruses in their repertory. The chorus for the entry of the husbands, "Guerriers et Chevaliers, rentrons dans nos foyers," is simply magnificent in its accent and virile energy. The introductory chorus for the women, also, is extremely fine. But one piece of more than ordinary musical beauty, a piece we shall soon see in the bills of the Popular Concerts, or in those of the Conservatory, is the grand final chorus,

where the phrase of the upper parts—"Seigneur, dans ces domaines," inverted for the men's voices, produces one of the most splendid concerted effects we ever heard.

We must pause a moment to express our admiration, mingled, we must own, with a slight degree of astonishment, at the masterly manner in which the choruses were executed. The chorus singers at the *Fantaisies* constitute a body quite out of the common; the ladies are pretty; both they and the men have voices, sing correctly, and are almost comedians. M. Martinet must possess some talisman to have effected such a result. At any rate the execution of the choral music in *La Croisade des Femmes* is remarkable in the highest degree, and many leading theatres could not compete, in this respect, with the humble Theatre des Fantaisies.

The vocal solos are less striking than the concerted music. However, the audience applauded very warmly the duet, "C'est toi," between M. Laurent, and Mdle. Vois, and two *Lieder*, one sung by Mdle. Arnaud, and the other by M. Gernier. Mad. Decroix was exceedingly good as the Baroness Cunégonde.

The scenery, dresses and decorations are more than satisfactory; they are almost splendid. Many managers with higher pretensions are less prodigal, but M. Martinet cannot fail to reap the reward of the care bestowed on the piece. The orchestra, conducted by M. Constantin, continues more and more to deserve its high reputation.

"TWO READINGS TO A LETTER."

A FANCY SKETCH.

Time—a century ago. Enter Lord Frederick Beauchamp, holding a letter.

LORD B.—The adorable creature, how quickly has she responded! How her tender little heart must have fluttered in its delicate prison as she penned this delicious acceptance! The very paper has an affirmative fold about it. The seal is blushing red with the consciousness of the delightful intelligence it contains: there is a happy flourish in the direction, the t's are so ecstatically crossed, and the i's are so deliriously dotted, that no ungracious negative could lurk beneath. Welcome, a thousand times welcome, delectable missive! (*Reads direction:*) To the Lord Frederick Beauchamp, &c., &c., Spring Gardens—with all speed—These!

These!—how cold, tame, unimpassioned and meaningless! These! Rather this cup of nectar, this essence of sunbeams, this elixir vitæ, this jar of honey from Mount Hybla, this balm from Olympus, this golden-tipp'd shaft from the quiver of Love! this quintessence of—how?—re-ject-ed! Cupid forefend. (*Reads:*)

"The Lady Blanche Mowbray, though deeply sensible of the flattering compliment conveyed by Lord Beauchamp's letter of yester e'en, regrets she cannot reciprocate the sentiments therein contained, inasmuch as, though she values the Lord Beauchamp highly as a friend, a more tender relationship between herself and that gentleman is—she feels pain in writing the words—is impossible! She offers to Lord Beauchamp the assurances of her most friendly regard.—15th March."

Assurances of gall, wormwood, and Dead Sea apples! Oh, Woman! oh, Fickleness! oh, Coquetry! oh blandishments, and oh dissimulation! Why, what a villainous, de-

ceptive, equivocal aspect the letter wears! the t's are crossed at right angles, and the i's have a double-dealing, circumventing look about them, only equalled by the insidious tone of the sprawling, ill-looking and detestable flourishes that fully betray the feeble, vacillating, unstable mind of the silly writer! And then the coarse, vile, common red sealing wax!—how could I have been so deceived by it? Pah! Prithee, ruffle not thyself, friend Frederick; there be other, more charming, and more appreciative women in the world, thank the gods,—and if Blanche Mowbray be not made for thee, whistle her down the wind if thou canst! bid good-bye to her, and take counsel of the stout old song, which says—

If she love me! this believe,
I would die, 'ere she should grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn! and let her go!
If she be not made for me,
What care I for whom she be?

A. M.

WHAT THE THEATRES ARE DOING.

Miss Kate Reignolds, a pretty woman and a clever actress, on Monday evening last inaugurated, at the New York Theatre, a new play, written by Col. Fitzgerald—best known as the editor of "The Philadelphia City Item"—and called "Light at Last."

It seems strange that American dramatists and story writers cannot find subject enough in their own country for plots, but must go out of it. Even, as in the present case, where the object has been to make an Irish play—and heaven forbid that there should be any more of them made—we see no reason why a dramatist should not work a little on the Irish character as developed in our own land, as well as on "the ould soil."

That being said, to the play. "Light at Last" is of the highly sensational order, and can best be understood by giving its plot entire.

Firstly comes Mistress Fairlawn (Kate Reignolds), who is the wife of Squire Fairlawn (Rynar), and who was, before her marriage, in love with Robert King (Boniface.) Fairlawn, as all husbands are, is a wretch, combining in himself all the unamiable qualities of coward, drunkard, bully, etc.

Mrs. F. has a clandestine meeting with King, which is overheard by Dennis (Hawk), the stereotyped Irish villain, who goes in to win on what he hears. Squire Fairlawn owes somehow—the how not being explained in a satisfactory financial way—ten thousand pounds to King, and the latter gentleman having made up his mind, after this interview with Mistress Fairlawn, to leave the country, wants that trifle of cash, and makes what is apparently a midnight call on the Squire for it at the O'Grady Arms, the hotel at which the Squire is stopping. Such conduct, of course, is provocative of a rumpus, and said rumpus having occurred, the result is, the Squire is shot, and dies to the sound of slow music.

At this same hotel there is staying a certain Mr. John Wilkins Millstone (Clarke) and his wife, American actors, who, being rather jolly folks, get in with the Squire, and become rather thick than otherwise.

Of course, King is arrested for the murder, and so is Mistress Fairlawn; they are tried, and are just about to be condemned to death, when these obliging American pro-

fessionals turn up and turn the tables by giving their version of the affair, which they have witnessed, and which was that the Squire died from a shot from a pistol in his own hands, intended to have been used upon King for his impudence in demanding the money that was owing him. Of course, after this all are happy—except the Squire, no mention being made as to his final destination—and live in peace, and, as the children say, "die in a pot o' grease."

The only fault we find with Colonel Fitzgerald's drama is that the plot and its working is obscure, and rather bothered the brain of the audience—allowing that audiences have brains, which we are disposed to doubt—to follow.

Miss Reignolds and Mr. G. H. Clarke, in the principal characters, were excellent, and met the full appreciation of their public. Their work was heavy in the extreme, but they bore it. In fact, all did well, and each seemed anxious to add their mite to the success of "Light at Last," and we must certainly term it a success, when it met the approval of one of the most crowded houses of the season, to say nothing of the fact that it is now performing in four other cities besides.

NEWS ITEMS.

La Grande Duchesse is on her last—Heavens! we beg her Grace's pardon—the Grand Duchess is about to be displaced from her throne by the fair, false, fickle, fascinating Belle Helene! and from what we, *ex officio*, know of the matter, we predict a greater success than that achieved by the first Offenbach production on our shores, such is the sprightliness, fun, and *chic* of the new piece, so gay, catching and bright its music, so classical—ahem! its costumes, and so irresistibly absurd its plot. Vive *La Belle Helene*!

We read of a lady in England who sent her dog, a spaniel, to a friend during an absence from home. Whenever the mistress sang a song borrowed from the dog's own mistress, it would jump on a chair near her and listen with evident pleasure, not noticing other music. Our lady readers will, of course, simultaneously exclaim, on seeing this musical mem: "Oh, the Pet."

Among Mendelssohn's posthumous works, just published, is a Funeral March for a Military Band, composed in 1836: Op. 103. The London Athenæum says of it: The theme is bitter, inasmuch as it is a shrill wail, with torment in the modulation: it is like an Irish "Keen." The trio is placid and sweet, but we cannot feel any impression of the grave side's deep and sorrowful repose.

The same writer (Mr. H. F. Chorley) speaks of Schumann's Trio in D minor, recently played in London by Madame Schumann, as being "unlovely."

Two new, young, and good singers have come to public light in London, not before they were wanted. Mlle. Carola, who, a few weeks ago totally unknown, has, by her admirable musical accomplishments and true artistic feeling, taken a first place among singers, and Mr. Nelson Varley, who possesses one of the finest English tenor voices ever heard, rich, resonant and equal,—forcible, too, without being coarse. 'Tis believed he has a great future before him.

Herr Carl Formes began his new career as an actor the other day at Wurzburg.

The severe, but just, learned and impartial critic of the London Athenæum remarks in one of his recent articles, that "There seems no limit to the spread of solid and healthy music in England at the present time." We offer our felicitations to the "old country" on this pleasant fact, and wish we could congratulate the new one in the same delightful strain.

There seems to be a perfect rain of Beethoven letters; 332 new ones are now about to be published by Herr Hohl, of Leipsic. What has become of Mr. Thayer and his exhaustive biography of Beethoven?

A translation of Byron's "Manfred" with Schuman's music was given at Munich on the 18th ult.

A steamer in one of our docks, formerly known as the "Ericsson," has been rechristened the "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein." Does Madlle. Tostee figure as the figure-head?

The recent performance of Barnett's "Ancient Mariner" in London, has suggested the following pertinent observations to the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon; we reprint them *pour encourager les autres*. Speaking of Coleridge's marvellous poem, in one of his sermons, Mr. Spurgeon said: "I dare say you have thought it one of the strangest imaginations ever put together, especially that part where the old mariner represents the corpses of all the dead men rising up to manage the ship—dead men pulling the ropes, dead men steering, dead men spreading the sails. I thought what a strange idea that was. But do you know that I have lived to see that true; I have seen it done. I have gone into churches and I have seen a dead man in the pulpit, and a dead man as deacon, and a dead man holding the plate, and dead men sitting to hear. You say 'Strange!' but I have. I have gone into societies, and I have seen it all going on so regularly. These dead men, you know, never outstep the bounds of prudence—not they; they have not life to do that, they always pull the rope orderly."

Mr. Sartigues, the French Ambassador at Rome, has dug out one of those wonderful Italian harpsichords, such as Salvator Rosa painted, and has presented the same to the Conservatory of Paris.

Roger, the French Tenor, who is by no means so young as he was twenty years ago, is traversing Germany, gathering money, *vivats* and laurel crowns with letters of gold thereon. Writing to a friend in Paris, he says: "Germany has adopted me, its affection for artistic worth is earnest and solid, it preserves a worship, a simple adoration for art, unknown to you Parisians! and then its heavenly climate, its perpetual blue sky!" Philosophically adding—"Ah! that sky is always blue and radiant, that climate always delicious, where people throw laurel crowns at our feet!" *Qu'il a raison M. Roger!*

Signor Rossini, says the *Gazette Musicale*, resigned his author's rights in "Guillaume Tell," on the occasion of its five hundredth performance lately at Paris; and, furthermore, sent his *carte de visite* to all the personnel of the Parisian Academy of Music with this inscription, "As a grateful souvenir of the 500th performance of William Tell."

Mr. Sydney Pratten, the best of the English orchestral flute-players, is dead. He will be much missed, artistically and socially.